1888.

The year 1888 promises to be a year of splendid political developments, one and all redounding to the glory and triumph of a

UNITED DEMOCRACY.

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THE SUN,

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1887.

The Newark and Jersey City Water. For ten years past the people of Newark have been troubled about their water supply, drawn from the Passale River, from which also is obtained the supply of Jersey City. This river flows through what has become one of the most active and extensive manufacturing centres in the world, and the question is whether its water is dangerously polluted by the sewage of the towns along its banks.

Its banks.

This question is very extensively and interestingly considered in an article published elsewhere, the conclusions from which are that the water drunk by the people of Newark and Jersey City is seldom up to the standard of wholesome water, and at times is likely to be very bad. But the question as to how the evil shall be remedied is full of difficulty, for the cost of a new system of water supply would be great, and the two cities hesitate about incurring the expenditure, since they are already burdened with a water debt, which, in the case of Newark, amounts to \$3,240,000, and in that of Jersey City to \$4,838,000.

Yet the facts presented in the article to which we refer seem to indicate that, whatever the cost, soon the material prosperity of the now rapidly growing communities will seriously suffer unless a new water supply is obtained.

The Silver Question Settling Itself.

We notice that Monsieur Henri Cernuschi has again come forward with a pamphlet upon his favorite subject of international bimetallism. We admire his pluck and persistency, but we must condemn his judgment. The silver question has no longer any practical importance. It has settled itself.

Eleven years ago, when Mr. BLAND intro-

duced his bill for the restoration of the silver dollar to the place which, from the birth of the republic to the year 1873, it had held in our national currency, every consideration of justice to debtors and the public welfare demanded its passage. We were on the eve of the resumption of specie payments, and if we had resumed in silver instead of resuming in gold, we should, while giving to creditors much more than they had bargained for, have lessened the burden which we imposed upon debtors by one-fifth. The timidity or the greed of Eastern money lenders and creditors overcame Mr. BLAND's wise and patriotic efforts, Mr. Allison's amendment to his bill was accepted by Congress, and a restriction was placed upon the coinage of the silver dollar, which has ever since practically rendered gold the sole standard of payments. Since the passage of the BLANDthat of our great staple products, has gone on rising until now a debt contracted twentyfive years ago is nearly one-half larger, measured in such products, than it was then, and a debt of ten years' standing is one-third larger. How much the ALLISON amendment to the original BLAND bill has cost the debtors of the country it is impossible to compute exactly, but that it is far more than the \$2,000,000,000 of national debt at the close of the war is beyond doubt

Nevertheless, the mischief has been done and is now beyond repair. The fall in prices due to the establishment of the single gold standard has come to an end. The debtors who suffered by it have suffered all that they can suffer, and the debts now in course of contraction are contracted upon a basis which is not likely to vary much for the next few years. To do now what Mr. Bland proposed to do in 1876 would work as much injustice to creditors as the rejection of his proposition worked then to debtors. The world of business has got accustomed to the gold standard, and is getting on with it very comfortably both here and abroad.

One thing, however, Mr. BLAND can honestly congratulate himself upon having accomplished. He has furnished the country with a circulating medium in the shape of silver dollars and silver certificates which serves most opportunely to fill the void caused by the contraction of national bank circulation and the growing wants of the country. The apprehended disaster from silver coinage which two years ago was making Wall street shake in its shoes has proved to be imaginary, as THE SUN, amid the igers of Its Eastern contemporaries, repeatedly demonstrated it was. Even the hide-bound old Evening Post has lately admitted that its alarm on the subject was groundless, and that the BLAND-ALLISON bill has done good and not harm. Honor to whom honor is due, and let Mr. BLAND receive the thanks to which he is entitled!

The Naval Academy.

it is quite evident from the annual report of Commander W. T. SAMPSON that important changes will soon take place in the course of instruction at the Naval Academy Chief Engineer MELVILLE not long ago spoke of the mistake made in devoting the entire academic course to studies shared equally by cadets destined for totally distinct branches of the naval service, and this subject had already received the attention of the Academic Board. The difference be tween the routine duties of line officers and engineers is so marked that it ought to receive some recognition in the selection of studies during a portion, at least, of the time passed at Annapolis by those who subsequently devote themselves to one or the other set of these duties. Undoubtedly a thorough general education should be furnished to all the cadets, but the necessity for special instruction and training accord ing to the aptitudes and purposes of students is evident. Universities and colleges have special course students, or else systems of elective as well as compulsory studies, after the first year ov two of the regular course. Quite as evident is the necessity of estab-

lishing some system of special studies at the Naval Academy. The last Board of Visitors found the proficiency of the cadeta in steam engineering, mathematics, physics, and mechanics very gratifying, but its comment was that, since all were taking the same course, it was impossible to find time to make the proper degree of progress in these studies. Cadets who have a special fitness and desire for engineering or ship construction must wait for classmates who have no such aptitude, although they may give promise of becoming admirable line officers. sides, the very multiplicity of studies and exercises common to all does not leave leisure for the greatest proficiency in any.

for the greatest proficiency in any.

The compromise now under consideration is to retain the present course during the first three years, and then, at the beginning of the fourth, to call upon the cadet to select the branch of the service which he proposes to follow. The studies of the fourth year would be grouped by the Academic Board with a special reference to the different portions of the naval service. The first three years would give the common foundation for a good eduation and common feeling of comradeship, the fourth would secure that degree of technical instruction which becomes more and more necessary in modern times for the highest usefulness and success.

There is a second important change which is likely to precede the one just spoken of. This is the reduction of the academic course to four years. Under the present law the cadet, after leaving Annapolis, is required to cruise for two years, and then return to be examined for final graduation. When he has done this he may be greeted with the information that he is discharged because there is no place for him in the service This is the habitual experience of a large proportion of each class. Last June, for example, eleven graduates were discharged, and only twenty commissioned; and circumstances had caused this latter number to be larger than was expected. The Government is thus put to the expense of maintaining and paying for two additional years cadets who are then to be discharged, and to the additional expense of bringing them back to Annapolis for an examination that proves of no use, for those who are commissioned would have examinations in any case for promotion in the service. But should commissions be issued and discharges of surplus cadets made according to existing vacancies at the end of the four years at Annapolis, those who go to civil life would have two years more of valuable time at their disposal and be less unfitted for other than naval occupations.

for other than naval occupations.

Since the Academic Board is unanimous on this subject, no doubt the Fiftieth Congress will be asked to authorize these important changes.

It is Never Too Late to Mend.

It is now time for workmen who have been hoping to better their condition by political means to pause and take observations. They have had a whole year to perfect their or ganization since the fallure of their first effort in this city. Their most prominent, leaders, represented by their own press and generously reported in opposing journals, have disseminated their opinions widely and they have been supported by an enthuslastic body of followers, whose efforts were most zealous and unflagging. Yet the second failure was worse than the first, and the condition of the Labor party is much less hopeful to-day than it was at the close of last year's campaign. In fact, it is even questionable if the leaders, except the confessed Socialists, can carry their organiza tion into the next canvass.

We are told, of course, that this sudden collapse was due to division. But this is evidentiv not true. A party rarely lose strength numerically by division in its first double-headed battle under rival banners. It is often strengthened, indeed, if there be anything substantial as the basis of its organization. It would be better to say that the division was due to something wrong in principle, and that it failed because there was nothing practicable in the objects proposed. have mistaken their ground. Workmen are not social philosophers; and they make no pretence of being wiser than other men of their day and generation. They are discontented with their condition, it is true, and very properly. It is a question if every man should not be moderately discontented with his condition; and workmen have peculiarly strong reasons for discontent. They must work hard, and this is not a just ground for complaint. But they must remain painfully subject to casualty, and this is a very good ground for complaint. Their condition, also, is dependent. Beyond other people, they are subject to the caprices of fortune; and after a life of considerable privation they are generally liable to die in the full knowledge that their families will be left penniless. It will not do to say, either, that they should be economica and save their money. They have no money to save. Without going hungry and barefoot, and living in a most repulsive, even demoralizing environment, it is generally impossible for a workman, subsisting on an income of ten, fifteen, or even twenty dollars per week, to save more than money enough to pay his final doctor's bill and funeral expenses. But while all these things are true, he is usually a man of too much common sense to believe that a remedy can be found in a revolution that would tend to an aggravation of his difficulties rather than to their removal. Hence the brief and inglorious career of this Labor party.

It would hardly be prudent to say what workmen want. Their aspirations have been so much misrepresented during the past year or so that they are suspected of not themselves knowing what they want. But it is easy to see what they most need. They need insurance. Before an employee who expects to remain an employee should be satisfied with his condition he should make himself certain not only that his family will be left with some means of subsistence after his death, but that he himself shall be protected during his lifetime against the casualties of sickness and loss of employment. This is the first great object to be pursued in any movement looking to social amendment. Political divertisements will not serve. The best political scheme that could be devised would turn to worse than ishes in the grasp of all except the leaders. Neither will increased compensation for labor serve. The great mass of employees, whether the service rendered be manual or mental, can never earn much more than their living expenses. Anything better than this is made a physical impossibility by the limitations of the market, the margin between price and the cost of production never being sufficient to enrich the great body of

hensive plan for the benefit of employees.

But systems of insurance of which workmen may avail themselves are already in operation, it may be said. True, but they were not planned to attain the end which should be held in view. In the first place, a man must be able to show a sound constitution before he will be allowed to take out a policy in any sound institution: and it is not

producers. A simple scheme of insurance

must lie at the foundation of any compre

the men of sound body who are most imminently in need. But this is not the only nor the worst disability in the prevailing systems. We do not speak for the disparagement of Insurance companies, but they are organized and conducted for profit; and they obtain it in two ways. Their receipts for premiums more than cover the risks taken, and the total receipts are increased by the investment of the money. The prevailing system of insurance, therefore, is not the system needed by men with very restricted resources. They need a system which will reduce the payments to the minimum, and permit the investment of the money for their own personal benefit.

Fortunately, the cost of insurance, when nothing is considered except the risks, is so light that it might be made an incident in the issue of company or personal bonds, and it would amply provide for their redemption. Fifteen dollars per year will cover the death risks on each \$1,000 represented in an insurance policy. Twenty dollars per year would cover not merely the death risks, but casualties of all kinds which an insured person would be likely to meet. Is there not something very suggestive in this statement? If \$40 per year would cover the risks on \$2,000, it ought not to take a quick-witted person long to see that it would be good sconomy for a workman to pay both the interect and insurance on this amount, and out the money in a dwelling of his own. The total at six per cent., with the insurance added, would be only \$160 per year. There are many employees in New York who pay almost as much money for the rent of hall pedrooms, and a few probably who pay more.

bedrooms, and a few probably who pay more. This seems to be a very easy question. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers have already had the good sense to avail themselves of the opportunities which their organization offers for insurance on easy terms, and they find it greatly to their advantage. But even these very level-headed men have not yet learned to turn their opportunities to the best possible account. It is entirely feasible to have insurance on terms where every cent disbursed may be either saved in rents or returned in the form of dividends on investments.

Workmen have had their incursion into politics, and they have failed. Let them now turn their attention in a more practical direction, and see if they cannot place themselves on firmer ground than they have ever yet occupied. They followed HENRY GEORGE because they believed that he offered them a chance to escape the payment of rent. He offered them nothing of the sort, but only a chance to escape from the hands of the landlord into the clutches of a much more pitiless and inexorable master. But they can escape the payment of rent when they choose to substitute the payment of interest; and they will find the new burden much less onerous. Their unions are aiready organized. It only needs that they shall acquire legal sanction

for the necessary succeeding steps.

It may be objected that these unions would have no credit. But that is something to be tested. This is a selfish, but not by any means a hard-hearted world. They would certainly have no credit that would enable them to obtain money faster than it was converted into substantial property that would stand for its security. But there is not a firm of house manufacturers in New York that would not consider the bonds of a bricklayers' or carpenters' union as good security as half the second mortgages, resting often on no property but their own, which they accept in return for manufactured material furnished to builders. And there is not a bank that does not habitually loan money on securities not half so trustworthy as such bonds. The credit of the incor porated employees of this coun. ... handling ninety per cent, of the money in circulation, and bound in their property and wages to meet their contracts, would soon be found surprisingly good; and no well-managed bank would refuse to loan money on such securities as they could offer.

The Tail End of Creation.

In the National Library at Paris there is a Seventeenth-century map of South America, drawn by the Jesuit missionaries. On Patagonia, as delineated in this chart, Indians, guanacos, and ostriches are exhibited; while the Island of Terradel Fuego is adorned with the figure of an Indian possessing a most curlous prolongation of the backbone, explained by the inscription, Caudati homines hic—here are men with tails.

Half a dozen years ago Chili and the Argentine Republic quarrelled over the question of the ownership of Terra del Fuego, and almost went to war. The dispute was settled by a convention dividing this mysterious island into two nearly equal portions. Chili took the western and the Argentine Government the eastern half. Since that time both countries have made efforts to ascertain something about the topography, natural resources, and ethnology of the land which the Jesuit fathers supposed to be inhabited by tailed men, and which successive generations of sallors, credulous travellers, and romance makers have peopled with cannibals, fan-tastically shaped beasts of prey, and strange marine monsters, ever since MAGELLAN sailed in 1520 through the strait that bears his name. No quarter of the globe where men can live has been made responsible for more marvels than Terra, del Fuego. Darwin actually seems to have gone down there hoping to discover the missing

link between the man and the monkey. The recent and most accurate information about this forlorn tall end of the continent, where CHARLES DARWIN found savages whom he could "hardly believe to be fellow creatures and inhabitants of the same world." has been summed up by Consul Baker of Buenos Ayres in a very interesting report to the Department of State. Mr. BAKER's principal authorities are Lieut. Boye of the French navy, who visited the southeastern part of the island five years ago under the patronage of the Argentine Government; the Rev. Thomas BRYDGES, the English missionary, who has lived on Beagle Channel for a quarter of a century; Don RAMON LISTA, a member of the Geographical Society of Buenos Ayres, and Mr. JULIUS POPPER, a scientific gentleman who has just crossed the island and thoroughly explored its eastern coast in the interest of a mining company.

Although all of these accounts come from Argentine rather than Chillan sources, it seems quite clear that the former Government got the better half of the island. The total area of the several islands comprising the group is about equal to that of the State of Kansas. While Terra del Fuego is by no means appropriately styled the land of fire, the climate is far from being as inhospitable as the old explorers represented. Don RAMON LISTA asserts that the northeastern region "enjoys an agreeable temperature, with very little snow in the winter." The country further south he compares to Switzerland. Mr. BRYDGES Says that frosts are almost unknown in the humid regions of the western part. There is a diversity of climate, owing to difference of elevation and other conditions, but on the whole we gather that the island is as habitable as Maine or Minnesota; certainly no bleaker than Newfoundland.

han Newfoundland. Rich vallays, magnificent: forests, navisa. ble rivers, extensive pampas with luxuriant grasses, and abundant indications of mineral wealth are reported by all of these travellers. The picture they draw of Terra del Fuego is very different from the idea of the island generally accepted during the past three centuries and a half; that idea being based on the judgment of visitors like Capt. SAMUEL WALLIS, who reported that "the whole land seems like the immense ruin of a former world;" or like Admiral ANSON, who pronounced it the "most horrible country it was possible to conceive;" or like Capt. Coom, who said: "There is no place in the world which offers such desolate landscapes."

The truth about the Terra del Fuegani themselves, however, is what will most interest everybody. They do not wear tails They are neither man-eating glants, as some travellers have reported, nor the smallest and most abject of beings, as others have affirmed. Two very distinct races inhabit the island: in the north the Onas, and in the south a tribe called the Yahgans. From his long residence among them. Mr. Brypans is the most competent authority concerning the natives of Terra del Fuego. The Onse were greatly reduced in numbers a year of two ago by an epidemic of the measles There are hardly more than half a thousand of them now. They are large, muscular, and active, with huge abdomens; hunters, living in tents and shooting game with the bow and arrow. They can run with incredible swiftness, and are warlike rather than placable. The women do the work. Mr. POPPER thinks that the Onas resem ble a tribe of North American Indians rather than the Patagonian savages. Of the Ona women he says: "The only decoration I observed on the women is bracelet of perforated shells. It is quite impossible to distinguish the females from the males by their dress, though they exhibit but little modesty in exposing their persons. Of the men, he says: "The wounds I have seen them inflict on themselves, which perhaps are connected with some superstitious belief, denote strength of mind, and lead me to the conviction that these aborigines can without much suffering, bear fatigue, hunger, cold, and every species of painful im-

pression." Mr. BRypges has some good words for the much slandered people of the south, the Yahgans. They are not cannibals-they look upon human life as sacred. They do not eat uncooked meat. They do not marry with blood relatives. They do not tattoo themselves. The girls paint their faces for fashion and the men for mourning. They are a merry and companionable people when their bellies are full. but in general their disposition is crafty and treacherous. They live in villages and are fishermen rather than hunters, and expert with their cances. The principle of woman's rights is so far respected among them that the wife can dispose of the fish she catches beyond what is needed for the wigwam.

The most remarkable thing about the Yah gans is their language. Primitive as are the manners of this people and limited their requirements of expression, Mr. Brypges has compiled a dictionary or vocabulary of their dialect including not less than thirty thousand words. As they cannot read or write and have no literature, this vast accumulation of the tools of thought is one of the philological wonders of the world. Yahgan language possesses a great abundance of grammatical forms. Lieut. Boyr describes the dialect as "sweet, pleas aut, and full of vowels." Prof. MAX MUL-LER doubts "whether, so far as sound i concerned, any one would consider Fuegian as inferior to English."

as interior to English."

Whence comes this extraordinary language?

Is it the one heritage of a degenerate race from a highly civilized ancestry?

Anarchists and Americans. The subjoined communication, wild and unreasonable as it is, is evidently sincers in

its utterances, and therefore deserves to be considered seriously:

"I have been a reader of THE SUN for many years, and I have always admired the course it has taken and

the intelligence manifested in conducting its editorial department. But somehow it seems to me lately that the quality of its brains is deteriorating, notably so in the articles referring to the Anarchists.

Now it cannot be possible that the editor is so ignorant as not to know that the Anarchist Bosiety or La Internationale has world-wide ramifications. To assume

that anarchy is cowed or killed because four men have been hanged at Chicago is ridiculous on its face.

"If the French army were to capture an ontlying picket on the German frontier, would it mean defeat for Germany, or rather would it not be accepted as the declaration of war? Germany would move against France, France would move against the German, and the two opposing forces would collide in battle, because a few men had been captured and slain. The capitalistic class of this country have chosen the present time to set these opposing forces in motion; will they be able to stand the shock of battle? Will the Have Alia, be able

"It is folly to imagine that the Pinkerton agency or the constabulary of this country can protect those who have been proscribed for the part they have taken in this affair.

to withstand the Have Nothings, who are numerically

"An organization that could compel Narolkon III. to engage in a war with Austria, and finally bring about a collapse of the French empire, is not to be despised.

"The Russian police and all the Imperial Guard did not save ALELANDER II. from their vengeance: neither can they keep the bedside of the present Czar inviolate from their countries and epistics, trebly

guarded as he is.

"The British Government failed to protect Camer the informer. How, then, shall those men of Chicago be safe from the impending doom? When this raving, shouting rabble of privates and followers are silent along the whole line, do not imagine that they are cowed. It is rather because leaders and officers have come among them to enforce discipline. Marianne will command respect wherever she is, and no member of the order will dinch from his duty. To disobey is death, and it may be death to obey; but the lot has fallen on him and

he inust do his beheat.

"Will the capitalists of this country be warned in time and practise a little Christianity as taught by the Book and by the Great Master, or will they abide the judgment that will soon be meted out to them as they have measured it to others? The Maña and Cammoristi, Raw Head and Black Hand societies are here, privates, rank and file of the Great Army, all imported by these same capitalists in their greed to degrade American labor. Like Frankenstein, they are creating the demon which

is to destroy them.

"Your German Anarchist is a mild, beer swilling talker, but the others are a deadly anake that strikes surely and fatally, and sre entirely subordinate to their chiefs, working silently and in the dark.

"It would be better for the press to agitate reform and to

"It would be better for the press to sgitate reform and to call upon Congress to take hold of this question and try to do something for the American people, and leave the monopolists and capitalists to shift for themselves for a while. I am not an alarmist, but the ship of State is sailing direct for the rocks. They may be hidden beneath the placid surface of the sea, but they are there just the same. When the storm comes they show their teeth.

"Vasit Markowire."

eth. "Jensey City, Nov. 14" From his name we judge that the writer of this epistle is a Russian, and we tell him in all earnestness that he makes a mistake in supposing that the Mafia, the Cammoristi, the Marianne, the Internationale and the Russian Nihilistic conspiracy can flourish and exist in this country. Such secret, bloody, and destructive societies arise and continue only in poor and despotic lands. Where all men have the right to vote, where they earn good wages, live decently, save something and become capitalists themselves, there is no possible chance for Anarchists and Nihilists, The whole American people will deal with such enemies of all society, of all order, all peace, and all progress, more sternly, more calmly, and more effectively than any Czar or any BISMARCE could ever do.

What is it that Mr. MARKOWITZ proposes? Simply to destroy all government and social order, to reverse the process by which the human race has climbed out of its earlier, bestlal, ignorant, stupid, poverty-stricken, feroclous condition into the present comparative comfort, power, and intelligence; and by which it has the right to look confidently forward to greater, more rapid, and

more universal advancement in the future.

If Mr. MARKOWITZ and those who think with him could have their way, what would be the result? First a period of anarchy, of florce and sanguinary chaos, of mutual robbery, bloodshed, and destruction, terminating in military despotism, and in a painful, costly, and age-long effort to return back toward a condition similar to that which we now enjoy.

No. Mr. Markowitz, there is no room in this hemisphere for the practical realization of such ideas as yours. So long as you do nothing but praise them and preach them, so long you can be heard and tolerated; but, once you attempt to put them into practice, you will be dealt with as wolves and tigers have to be dealt with; and the lightest fate that will befall you will be to be shut up as lunatics.

Coleman of California.

Of the million readers who habitually peruse the Sunday edition of The Sux, at least 999,000 must have read with the attention it deserved the review which we published last Sunday of Mr. BANGROFF'S History of Popular Tribunals, and especially of the celebrated Vigilance Committee which drove gamblers, murderers, ballot-box stuffers, and highway robbers from San Francisco, and laid the foundation for the excellent government which now exists there.

At the head of this committee was WILLIAM
T. COLEMAN, before and since one of the
great merchants of the world; and the narrative of the leading part which he bore in
the transactions of this memorable committee shows in him the possession of the highest
qualities of character, intelligence, patriotism, and practical executive ability.

The country which possesses such citizens is indeed fortunate. Besides, Mr. Coleman is a Democrat by nature, by conviction, and by habit, without a Federalist or a Mugwump fibre in his whole organization.

Yesterday was a wet day for New York, a cold day for the College of New Jersey, and a glorious day for Capt. Bekether's and Timothy Dwight's team of kickers. As Oliver Wendell Holmes said in the Harvard poem which had so billous an effect upon the venerable Dr. McCosh:

"On Princeton's ribs they stamped their iron beels."

Is Locrine SWINDURNE'S preatest work a

Is Locrine Swinburne's greatest work, as some of the newspapers are saying? Well, we think not, by a long shot. In fact, we fear it is rather a bore. As we have published it, alone among American journals, complete from a correct London copy, in The Evening Sun, we ought to know something about its quality.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Staats-Zeitung, knows how to draw a trenchant political conclusion: "In order to keep Tom Platt's Quarantine Ring intact," says our contemporary, "the next Presidential election was sacrificed on the Republican side." This means, we suppose, that everything else was given away in the effort to maintain a Republican majority in the State Senate, Carry the news to Brother Blains in Europe!

There are about 30,000 idiots in England,— Utica Heraid.

And only some five or ten thousand Mugwumps in America. Happy, happy America!

EMMA LAZARUS, who died in this city yesterday after a long illness, was a poet of fine quality, a learned and skilful translator, and a prose writer of excellent and various accomplishments. Her renderings from the German were especially noteworthy.

We have received from our old friend, Gen. Cassius Marchilus Clay of Kentucky, an elegantly printed copy of the address he delivered in June before the alumni of Yale University It contains many striking thoughts which do not always seem to agree with each other. For instance: "The world is governed too much; few." And yet on the next page Gen. CLAY says: "The railroads must be owned by the Government." Yet what could add so much to the quantity of government in this country as the possession and control of the railroads by the central administration, or what would be more likely to steal away power from the peopie and put it into the hands of the few? Gen. CLAY vigorously condemns the effort to grant the suffrage to women. "Woman suffrage given," he says, "all is lost like the dead

The apprehensions of trouble in London to-day seem to be groundless. The Marquis DE LEUVILLE has been sworn in as a special constable. London is consequently safe. LEUVILLE will save her if he has to break his stays in the effort.

worlds, it may be, forever !"

Mr. H. RIDER HAGGARD is coming over here to lecture; and if his lectures have even a small share of the invention and imagination displayed in his stories, he will be likely to find in the United States a little pocket of King Solomon's Mines.

The Princess of Wales was enthusiastically welcomed in London yesterday upon her return from Denmark. She used to be the most popular person in England, but King John Sullivan has been crowned since she went to Copenhagen.

A Notable Etching.

The art of etching is making great progress in America, very remarkable progress indeed, and the most important plate that any American has yet produced has just been issued by Klackner. It is an etching, by Mr. W. L. Lathrop, of Breton's beautiful picture, "Finisterre," which was purchased at the Seney sale a few years since by Mr. Mitchell of Milwaukee.

Mr. Lathrop has made a plate which possesses great technical strength and simplicity, and which reproduces the color and sentiment of the original with great delicacy and effectiveness. It is of the proportions of the largest plates that come to us from abroad, but it is not toe large for Mr. Lathrop's bold and intelligent line or for the proper conveying of a grand and impressive picture, such as this superb example of Breton is.

Compliments from Poor Pulitzer. From Yesterday': World.

But where is the mortgaged, unprincipled, dividendless, hungry Sun; Alas: no efforts, however desperate, can ever again make it "move on." Its destined course is downward and backward and to a reduction of price—one cent.

And that's what's the matter with poor, starving Dana. And with no one to blame but himself!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Allow me, so of the many readers of your murning and evening

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Allow me one of the many readers of your morning and evening papers, to congratulate you upon your new venture. The Evanus Sus.

I have been a constant reader of The Sun for years.

and think it the brightest newsiest tallow the expression), and best written and most ably edited paper of the large number published in our city. I am so used to it, that if by chance I get any other morning paper, after reading it I feel as if I had not read the news of the day at all, und actually long for your paper. I seel as though I would buy Tux Sox. were its price 5 cents per copy instead of 2 cents. In preference to any of the other morning papers. Your Sunday Sox is simply "immensee!" note of the other Sunday papers can begin to compare with it, in my opinion.

With it, in my opinion at the standard of all other chasses of news, as to be the most and of all other chasses of news, as to be the most and of all other chasses of news, as to be the most actual life, of aportion of the conflict want, and its merit and superiority outsit of out felt want, and its merit and superiority outsit of and one doubt eventually will be, recognized by the public, and the Syzanse Sox will be the svening paper of New York orly

One of the most agreeable publications of the day is the Hebritairy.

One of the most agreeable publications of the day is the Hebritairy. The advertisements are stunning and the illustrations delightful. It is great.

A MAGYAR FANTANY.

"I know the figures are rickety," said the boss Affidavit Man, "but what can you expect? The fact is, the public are onto us. And when everybody knows the circulation is going down you insist on putting the figures up and up, If you'd listened to us, you'd have let 'em drop for a week or two, and then put 'em up gradually. Now it's getting to be a big job to cook the record every week, especially when that meanly little Evening World—"

"Curse it." said the Hungarian, bringing his fist down upon the table with a vicious bang, "and curse the day I starded it!"

"Since," continued the boss Affidavit Man,
"we have had to do double swearing, the work
of my department has been greatly increased.
I know the figures look crooked, but then they
are, I want to take a vacation. I am breaking down under the strain of those infernal
affidavits. It is getting worse and worse every
day. I must have my pay raised."

"Holy Isaacs, pusiness going to the dogs!"

"I must have my pay raised," repeated the boss Affidavit Man imperturbably. "I have to put fifty per cent, more lying into my affidavits. I expect a corresponding increase in my salary. I want you to understand that I've got an immortal soul, if I am in the affidavit business."

"Posh, posh, man! You have the sofdest chob on the baber. All you have to do is to lie. I never found any droubles about dot. Vot

you vant easier as dot?"

"Sir." said the affidavit maker with dignity,
"I am at the head of my profession. I do
more false swearing in a year than all the
Grand Juries this side of sheel will hear of in
a hundred. I agreed to swear to a lie circulation of 500,000 copies a week; you make me
swear to a million."

"I tells you vot I do, young veiler. You are a vine veiler, I admit. I gif you a kervater of the ned brofits of de Evening Vorld." "Give me a twenty-fifth of the net losses, and it's a go."

"I gif you a durkey Thangsgifing and a hat Gristmas."

"Hang your turkeys and your hats! Will you or will you not raise my salary?"

"Raise his colery! Vot a time yen all dose

circulazion vos goin' to beeces."
"If affidavits can restore it, I'm your man."
"Vell, vell. I vill consider your brobosition.
Go and get de figures and de afferdavids for Tezember."

The boss Affidavit Man started for the elevator. The Hungarian, left to himself, plunged into a deep reverle. It did not seem to be a pleasant one. One restless hand clutched nervously at his auburn beard. The forefinger of the other was placed meditatively against his nose. He closed his eyes and ruminated. An occasional twitching of the limbs and a deepening of the sweeping, downward are described by the nose, indicated the disagreeable thoughts which possessed him.

A knock at the door.

"Come in. Have you got de afferdavids all right? Two hundred dousand'll be enough to put her up for Tezember, ain'd it?"

The Hungarian suddenly folt himself seized by the collar and vigorously shaken. His eye

glasses fell off and his face grew black.

"Don't joke me to death! Helb, helb! Is it you, Bill Hyde? Is dot you, Meesder Knapp? Let pygones be pygones. Don't kill me; I'm not brebared."

He fell upon the floor, and there he lay and

grovelled, a helpless and cringing thing.

"Who you vos?" he asked, in a meek, whining voice. "Don't hurt me; don't sdrike me. I mean no harm to nopody. I vill abologize. I vill seddle up, but blease remember my pusiness is not good now. Von't you blease git me my glasses and let me up? Von't you blease let me up and tell me vot I done to you?"

"You miserable, whimpering fraud," said a voice he had never heard before, and that filled him with undefinable dread, "stay where you are, and grovel as is your wont. Thank God. Pulitzer, that you cannot see me. If you could, the sight of me would shrivel into ashes you and your whole wretched fabric of imposture."
"O. my Gott, who are you? Hay you peen

looking at de books?"

"I am here to ask questions, not to answer them, Pulitzer. Keep on your knees, and speak the truth, or it will go hard with you."

"O. don't, don't, I hain't aboke de druth for

"O, don't, don't! I hain't sboke de druth for five years."

He felt himself shaken again and with a rude insistance that made him gasp.

insistance that made him gasp,
"O. O." he cried, when he had recovered
breath, "I vill try, only don't hurt me so much
any more."
"Pulitzer," said that unknown and awful

voice, "did you not know that the stories you printed about Col. Fellows were baseless, monstrous lies."

"Yy not? It was merely a detail of my pusiness. Dot's the vay I do pusiness. But it vos

ness. Dot's the vay I do pusiness. But it vos not a bersonal matter, you understant. I like Meesder Vellows since he vos elected. Say, perhaps you vos a Vashington Heights man. If you vos a friend of Vellows and vant a reading notice, I gif you a discount."

He feit himself seized again, and it seemed

He felt himself selzed again, and it seemed as if each particular bone in his lank body was being broken.

"Do you talk of business to me, you selfconfessed assassin of reputations? Answer my questions, or never hope to do any more business in this world. Do you not habitually publish false news and revamp old humbugs?" "O, yes, of courze I do. Say, don't you vant to go into a synticate on—"

Again those terrible hands shook the halffainting Magyar. "This is your last warning. Now, answer me. Do you not habitually and enormously lie about the circulation of your newspaper?"
"Vell, I—I eggsaggerade someyat."

The hands tightened about his throat. "Do you not lie, and swear to the lies, about your circulation? Speak the truth, now, or you will never speak again!"

The Hungarian bowed his head in the dust

The Hungarian bowed his head in the dust of the floor. "Vell. vat you egsbect? Subbose I do? Dat's the vay I make my pusiness. Von't you let me haf my glasses?"

you let me haf my glasses?"
"Wretch!" cried the voice, "would you court death? Who, think you, am I?"

"You seem to know me bretty vell, but I don't know you."
"I am Hongst Journalism," said the voice,

"I nefer heard of you. Vat you vant? I had no blace on my baber for you."

"No, miserable man! I have come to warn you. I have watched your course, Pulitzer. I know all your acts of underhand trickery, your

nauseating pufferies, your incessan postures, and your illimitable lies. I have seen with mingled rage and sorrow the dis grace you bring upon the noble calling I protect. I have seen you substitute brass for intelligence, and falsehood for truth. I have seen you bring into journalism the methods and the impudence of the bunco steerer and the three-card-monte man. I have come to tell you that in the name of Honest Journalists I disclaim and denounce you. You know very well that they have found you out. Let me tel you, and this is a punishment you are feeling already, that the public has found you out, too. It is too late for you to reform. Pulitzer. You are doomed. Doomed just as sure as truth is truth, and my name is Hongar Jour.

The Hungarian groped for his glasses. Ho became vaguely conscious of a majestic figure departing. The screness of his neck told him that he had not been dreaming. He wiped the dust from his face and his garments and rang for the boss Affidavit Man.

for the boss Afildavit Man.
"I vill increase your celery as soon as pusiness varrants it. Gain a hundred dousand next veek. Poom all've can before de pottom falls out. The beoples is getting too tamned

susbicious. Cherry, vere is dot junk account?

From the Fiora (iii.) Journal.

The king of newspapers is The New York Sux, which is more widely quoted and more generally read than any paper cast of the Alleghanies.

Pleurisy pains, asthmatic, and all throat affections are soon relieved by that certain remedy for coughs and colds, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant—480.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOCIETY.

The prevailing feeling among society people just at present is that of being driven to death. So much is crowded into the few weeks between now and Christmas, that the time is all too short for what each one has to do, Committees for the various subscription balls meet almost daily to answer letters, deliberate upon applications for admission, and prepare for the first meetings, which take place next ties, fairs, bazaars, church Christmas trees, to say nothing of the urgent claims of children, family, and friends, all of which have to be attended to who are supposed to lead lives of complete de-votion to frivolity and worldly pleasure. A volume might be written in behalf of "fash-ionable women." for they are certainly as hard worked and as well abused as any part of the community. Those who are born to a certain social status or have had it thrust upon them by a turn in the wheel of fortune, are painfully aware of the duties of their position and do

their very best to discharge them faithfully.

From the present outlook, therefore, December promises to be a lively month. The dancing season will open with Mrs. Newbold Morris's ball on the 5th, for which Delmonico's whole house has been engaged, and at which old as well as young New York will probably turn out in force. Fresh rooms, fresh faces, new gowns, and the first ball of the season will give spring and go to the affair such as comes only where youth and novelty are prominently to the fore. The first ladies' assembly, on the 8th, will open the subscription balls most favorably, and will be followed by another coming-out dance at Delmonico's, to be given by Mrs. Livingston on the 12th. The grand Combination Patriarchs on the 13th, which is supposed to be the valedictory of the F. C. D. C. and Junior Patriarchs, as well as of Mr. Mc-Allister's long and faithful service for the benefit of the young and pleasure loving, will probably be the event of the season. The first cotillon will follow it swiftly on the 15th, and then, as far as is known at present, there will be a resting spell un il the 20th, when the first of the stately Patriarchs make their first bow. Thus six large Delmonico balls will be crowded into the fortnight between the 5th and 20th of the month, enough to pale all the summer roses in the cheeks of maidens and matrons. and to familiarize debutantes with what-ever they have yet to learn of society life.

In the mean time the old Puritan fostival of the giving of thanks puts in its claim for celebration, and this year will receive full recognition in country places, where it seems most properly to belong. Family parties are formal and dull in a town house where the 7 or 8 o'clock dinner is prepared by a chef, and all the modern luxuries and appliances fail to bring a reminder of the primitive joilification of our forefathers; but in country homes, with a romp and frolio out of doors and a dinner where turkey and cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie and mince pie throw all modern delicacles into the shade, the Thanksgiving festival is suitably and enjoyably observed.

At Tuxedo on Thursday several family parties will assemble, but the amateur theatricals which were announced to take place in the eyening have been deferred until Dec. 23, when Miss DeWolfe and Mr. Bird will appear as Lady Teale and Charles Surface in two acts of "The School for Scandal," It has not yet been decided whether a farce or comedictte shall follow. The more ambitious amateur theatrical performers seem to be rather in the minority this winter, and it is not so easy as it formerly was to get ladies and gentlemen to play at being actors and actresses.

The soft Indian summer days are all clear gain to the hunting clubs, who have had a merry time of late on Long is and's sea-girt shore. The Meadow Brooks and Rockways have had capital runs and no end of impromptu dances, luncheons, and breakfasts at the different club houses and at the private cottages of hospitable members. Mrs. Charles G. Peters, Mr. E. D. Morgan, and Mrs. S. S. Sands have all given charming entertainments, and on Thankegiving Day Mr. Lloyd Bryce will be the host, and

receive royally both the Long Island clubs.

Ladies are almost always present on these occasions, and the sisters, cousins, and wives of hunting men have their full share of the fun. Mrs. Sands, Mrs. Belmont Purdy, Mrs. Elliot Boosevelt, Miss Cowdin, and Mrs. Cheever are frequently in the field, either mounted or in carriages, but almost the best rider of the present season is Miss May Payson, daughter of Mr. Frank Payson, who has had the advan-

tage of practice in the old country.

The opera continues to be the best society meeting place, and Wednesday nights especially see a good display of dress and fashion. At last Monday's representation of "Siegfried" Mrs. W. W. Astor and Mrs. Coleman Drayton occupied the same box, and both looked remarkably well in white Directoire gowns, with diamonds in profusion. On the same evening the Misses Walker were present in pink, and Miss Lucy Drexel was in Pompadour colors, blue and pink, which were extremely becoming to her youth and freshness. Miss Winslow was in Mrs. Van Auken's box, Miss Paget with Mrs. Paran Stevens, and the costumes were more

noticeable than they have been hitherto.

By the way, a decree has gone forth from the highest authority in these matters that soiled and wrinkled gloves, which had their origin in Sara Bernhardt's "go-as-you-please" style, are no longer good form. The present fashion of trim and dainty skirts and a partial return to the time of the Directoire in ladies' dress demands a fresh, well-fitting glove, or the whole significance of the costume is lost. The reappearance of the neat, closely buttoned glove, which outlines a pretty hand so becomingly, will be welcomed by all who value finish and completeness in a lady's evening toilet.

The gay world of Washington has been in a

fever of excitement for the last few days over the marriage of Miss Suzanne Bancroft and Mr. Carroll. After the formal announcement of her engagement to the Vicomte de Chaunao Lanzac by Mr. Bancroft at a dinner given for the purpose at Newport, and by the young lady herself in letters addressed to all the diplomats in Lenox, even those who knew her best were inclined to believe that the engagement really existed, and that the marriage would probably take place. But Miss Suzanne is nothing if not fickle and eccentric, and she went "one better" when she gave the preference to the young and wellborn Marylander over the almost unknown selon of a worn-out nobility. bears almost a historic name and inherita a handsome fortune from his grandfather, the late Mr. Royal Pheips. His mother, once Miss Anita Phelps, was a most lovely woman, and his sisters, two of whom are married in France. are said to inherit her graces and virtues. Among the passengers by the French steamer yesterday was Mrs. Thomas F. Meagher, who goes direct to Rome to spend the winter.

The winter colony of English and Americans at Cannes and Pau this year promises to be larger than ever. English journals mention several titled notables who are to be at Cannes, among others the Due and Duchess de Chartres, and one or two of the English royalties. From this side there will be Mr. and Mrs. Padelford, Mrs. and Miss Whiting, Mrs. and Miss Kane, and many other wellknown people. Lord and Lady Cairns are to spend their honeymoon at Cairo, which promises to be more in favor than the Riviera, as the climate is equally good, and the surroundings not so hackneyed. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt are still in Paris, where it is said that they have been purchasing largely from a collection of Louis XIV, furniture, formerly belonging to the late King of Bavaria. Mr. Vanderbilt is also sitting to Carolus Duran for his portrait. Duran, Cabanel, and Bonnat have had a monopoly of American millionaires as sitters, and Frenchmen say that no one need apply to them who is worth less than \$10,000,000,

The death of Gen. Butterfield's sister. Mrs.
Holiand, has caused the cancellation of the social engagements made by Gen. and Mrs.
Butterfield. The report that the General has taken a house in Washington is without foundation. The family are at 60 Fifth avenue for the winter.